

GRL FOUND DEAD IN PARKED CAR

Today

\$4,880,000,000

A Dangerous Smile
No Starvation, at Least
Brave Cuban Mother

By Arthur Brisbane

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The House of Representatives, 329 to 78, gives the President four thousand, eight hundred and eighty million dollars to be spent in accordance with his best judgment, to fight depression and unemployment.

In early days, the little "small change," eighty million dollars, tacked on at the end of the large figure, would have astounded the country, for in those days millions were respectable units. Now our government unit is in the billion, one thousand millions. When will the trillion start its career? The printing press could bring it.

He never saw the Lindbergh baby, alive or dead, says Hauptmann, smiling. The jury might like it better had he not smiled. The name and memory of that child do not call for smiles.

To all questions, Hauptmann's answer is "No." He did not build the ladder, or receive the ransom money from "Jafate," was never at Hopewell.

The jury will pass on circumstantial evidence, and conflicting testimony under oath. American human nature is revealed in the neighborhood of the courthouse—crisp gauges in the evening, alcoholic stimulants plentiful, one enterprising gentleman wanted permission to arrange a priest to amuse visitors. New Jersey said: "No." Hawkers sell miniature ladders, reproducing the Lindbergh "kidney ladder." And the public buys them.

Congress is told that 9,000,000 workers are idle. They want work, but there is none for them. Besides the 9,000,000 idle workers, 7,000,000 children were on relief rolls last year. This is a real depression, and if it is possible to "buy ourselves out of it," the money will be well spent.

At least, President Roosevelt makes good his statement: "Nobody shall startle me in the United States."

German have a saying, "All good things are three," other nations prefer a less cheerful, saying, that troubles never come singly. Three may always be expected. The War line, that has just lost a ship, its third major disaster within five months, may hope for an end of the "three" with number three.

The liner Hawkeye, in collision with a Norwegian freighter, sank close to the scene of the Morro Castle disaster. Air planes and "ships" from the government, flying over the icy waters in which more than 40 passengers are believed to have drowned, saw five frozen bodies in lifeboats. Passengers say the captain stood on the bridge as the ship went down.

Cuba will be proud to hear about one of her daughters, Carolina Diaz, a Cuban mother, 40 years old, in one of the boats with her ten-year-old son. Sailors and a male passenger in the boat were rendered nearly unconscious by the freezing wind and water. The boat seemed doomed.

Carolina Diaz, determined that her son should not be lost, seized an ear, guided the boat, kept it from swamping. She ought to have a monument.

Interesting situation in New York, with a moanful of seventeen inches, heaviest since great blizzard, with nobody anxious to shovel snow.

In old days, the government had undertaken to care for everybody, there were always too many snow shovelers at hand. Now it is necessary to persuade shovelers to shovel from the "dole" or "relief rolls" to shovelling snow.

Snow shovelling in cold weather, even for better pay, is as comfortable as "relief."

In a motor omnibus, bound from New York to Pittsburgh and Chicago, windows tightly closed because of the severe cold, one passenger was killed and fifteen protruded by the cold gas from the exhaust. All the children, including women and children, are expected to recover. Monoclonal gas gives out no odor; passengers were not conscious that their lives were threatened, the dead man knew what killed him. This should be remembered by all motor bus travellers, and particularly by those responsible.

THE WEATHER

Generally fair and colder to night on Sunday; lowest temperature tonight 8 to 10 degrees; fresh northwesterly winds.

High tide at 2:30 a. m.; 3:05 p. m.
Sun down at 7:50; and 6:50.
Light all vehicles tonight at 6:30.

VERMONT TEMPERATURES
BOSTON.....15
Low.....10
High.....20
ALBANY.....15
Low.....10
High.....20
WASHINGTON.....15
Chicago.....15

BOSTON AMERICAN

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER
Complete Stocks—Closing Prices
Published Daily Except Sundays and Holidays
Subscription Price \$2.00 per Week
BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1935 2 CENTS PAGE 3 CENTS

4 RACES



Chancing Wins 4th at Hialeah

NEW ALB FOR BRING

SNOW

Work Quits
TONIGHT

7100 SHOVELS
HALT AT 5 P. M.

Mayor Mansfield late today bought three snow removing machines from a Dorchester concern. One was sent immediately to Park square. The others will be delivered tomorrow and Monday.

Picture on Page 4

While thousands clamored for jobs, 7100 city workers on snow removal were ordered today to suspend work at 5 o'clock.

But 2000 contractors' employees, whose firms are paid by the cubic yard, were allowed to continue through the night.

City officials said their snow shovelers were exhausted. They said the welfare men, ERA employees, extra men and regular city employees would resume work at 8 tomorrow morning.

Mayor Mansfield ordered a call to the city council.

Public Works Commissioner Christopher J. Carver replied: "We haven't the men to supercede them."

The supervisors have been working 18 hours straight. Saturday is a bad night. The men are liable to start drinking on the job if they don't have supervisors. Mayor Mansfield, who was present with Carver and the reporter, interrupted with:

"Where can we get snow removal equipment?"
"In Ohio," was Carver's reply. "We have broken down some of the firm had a Boston office. It was learned there that a small loader worth \$2000 was due to arrive in Providence tomorrow. We could have it, if desired."

The mayor authorized its purchase and the Ohio firm gave orders for its re-shipment here from Providence.

Three of Boston's six automatic loaders have broken down completely. The Jamaica Plain man with nine children complained he couldn't get it applied at a city yard and was told he would have to have a card from a city councilor. He couldn't find the city councilor.

Others charged they knew of the broken-down loaders who had card. They worked an eight-hour shift, presented the cards again and worked another eight hours. The pay was \$5 for each shift.

Belles of Dionne Quints Are They



ANNETTE
(Picture from M. E. A. Service, Inc., for Exclusive Use of Boston Evening American)

Watch your hearts, boys! It won't be long before these two poly-poly members of the celebrated Dionne set of quintuplets are turning their big, bright eyes on a masculine world—with devastating effect. Meet Annette and Yvonne, now just eight months old! The little bracelets encircling their dimpled wrists are identification tags, insuring one "quint" from being mistaken for another. They sure look healthy.

(Other Pictures of Dionne Babies on Page 3)

MARTIAL LAW IN HUEY DEATH PLOT

Baton Rouge, La., Jan. 26—Under protection of National Guard troops ordered out by Governor O. K. Allen's martial law proclamation, Senator Huey P. Long today opened a hearing in the State House, charging "four sheriffs, one district attorney and possibly one district judge" had plotted the murder of certain officials, including himself.

A man who identified himself as Sidney Sneyd testified that he had been given a gun, gas bombs and ammunition to kill the Senator. Sneyd was formerly a prohibition agent.

Continued on Page 4, Column 6

Walpole Six Rallies to Win, 2 to 1

Walpole high trumpeted on Quincey high 6 to 1, and Walpole produced two third period goals to beat Boston College high 2 to 1 in the feature game of the weekly Bay State interscholastic hockey series at Boston Arena this afternoon.

Continued on Page 4, Column 6

GIRL AND MAN DEAD IN PARKED AUTO

Worcester, Jan. 26—Clasped in each other's arms, Miss Philomena Tritone, 25, and John Sloan, 35, both of this city, were found dead today in a sedan parked in Green street, Shrewsbury, near the Auburn cutoff highway.

The exhaust pipe of the automobile had been plugged. By an ingenious arrangement, the fumes were piped into the body of the car, filling the sedan and killing the couple.

Police Chief Joseph J. Condon of Shrewsbury said he was convinced from examination of the machine that it was suicide in the case of one of them, anyway, if not a double suicide pact.

Sloan was married and lived on Grafton street. His wife, Celis, made the identification of his body in a coroner's office. A sister-in-law identified her body. The couple, in their embrace of death, were found at 10:30 a. m. They had been dead for hours. Carbon monoxide was the cause. The windows of the car were tightly closed. Finding the exhaust pipe plugged with a rag near the outlet end, police found a copper pipe had been inserted in the exhaust pipe near the engine end. Medical Examiner Baker has made an official report and the authorities are still investigating.

WITNESS SAW HIM WITH DOG

On Kidnap Night

Hauptmann Trial

DAMON RUNYON tells how Attorney General Wilentz felt Bruno Hauptmann with the "little red book." Page 2.
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS sees Hauptmann breaking under the cross fire of the fighting prosecutor. Page 4.
DOROTHY ROE says Hauptmann directed most of his testimony to the four women members of the jury. Page 4.
COLONEL LINDBERGH states at Hauptmann as he denies all connection with the case. Page 2.

By Associated Press

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 26—Edward J. Reilly, chief defense lawyer for Bruno Richard Hauptmann, declared today that his next witness would testify he saw Hauptmann at a Bronx gasoline station the night of the kidnaping.

Reilly refused to disclose the identity of his new surprise witness but insisted the man even had written proof of his conversation with Hauptmann on the kidnaping night.

Disclosure of the planned testimony follows Reilly's assertion that the defense would be based in part on the alibi that Hauptmann was not in Hopewell on the night the Lindbergh baby was abducted.

The man's story, Reilly said, will be that he is a resident of the Bronx, who, on the kidnaping night, went to White Plains in search of a police dog.

Returning unsuccessfully from his quest, Reilly said he would testify he saw Hauptmann in an automobile at a gasoline station with a dog strikingly similar to his own.

The witness, Reilly said, will maintain he approached Hauptmann who denied the dog was the witness's, asserting it was owned by Christian Frederickson, baker-employer of Hauptmann's wife.

The man threatened to arrest Hauptmann after, Reilly said the man will tell the jury, and demanded his name and address. He will maintain Hauptmann wrote them out for him.

Reilly said his witness will say he recalls the night because, after returning home, he remembers hearing the radio announce the abduction. He said that when he saw pictures of Hauptmann after his arrest he recognized the car, and as the man he unjustly accused of possessing his dog, Mrs. Hauptmann, was with Reilly in his Brooklyn office.

"Trial Fair, Jury With Me," Says Bruno

Flushing, N. Y., Jan. 26—Bruno Richard Hauptmann will not "break." He is confident he will get a fair trial.

Not a member of the jury hears him say "I will." That, in substance, was the response today of C. Lloyd Fisher, one of the defense attorneys, who visited Hauptmann in his cell here. Denying reports that Hauptmann would "crack" under further cross-examination, when court resumed Monday, Fisher said: "I am as steady and calm as at any time since he has been in Flushing. He has not flinchingly stated over the way the jury listened to his testimony. 'They know,' he quoted, 'the German carpenter as saying, 'that' Continued on Page 2, Column 6

AT HIALEAH PARK

Fourth—Channing (Winters), 14.20, 6.40, 4.20; Jiarasol 2d (Villena), 5.80, 3.80; Jesting (Bryson), 3.00. Off 4:06; Also ran—Croul au Pot, Disaster, Golden Vein, Hoops, Flint Shot, Major General.

HIALEAH RACE CHARTS, Other Results and Entries on Page 14 Today

BEST BET—EPICOL.
For Detailed Handicap See Page 14.

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Full Page Quintuplet Pictures Today and More in Monday's American

QUINTUPLETS "BIG GIRLS NOW," EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS SHOW



MARIE
"HELLO WORLD!" Here are the famous Dionne quintuplets, all five really getting to be big girls now. They are finding this a strange and interesting world, full of daily surprises and new sensations. Marie, who is looking the cameraman right in the eye, is plainly going to be one of those young women who

EMELIE
"photograph well." Emelie is ducking her head in a sudden fit of bashfulness. Annette, Yvonne and Cecile, each enormously interested in something which has attracted their bright gaze, present three studies in facial expression. They'll soon be nine months old.

ANNETTE

YVONNE

NURSE LAURENCE

CECILE



DR. DAFEO

ANNETTE YVONNE

WHAT, NO PRIVACY?—You might just as well be a goldfish as be a "quint." Yvonne Dionne must think. It's getting so a girl can't even take a tub bath without some impertinent cameraman intruding on her privacy. If Yvonne's expression can be taken as an indication, she considers this no laughing matter.

"SUN BATH"—Rain or shine, summer or winter, the Dionne quintuplets are never without their daily quota of "sun" rays. Here are Annette and Yvonne under a violet ray lamp, acquiring a regular Palm Beach tan and soaking up the health-giving glow. In charge of the "bath" are Dr. Allan Dafeo and Nurse Lucille Laurence.

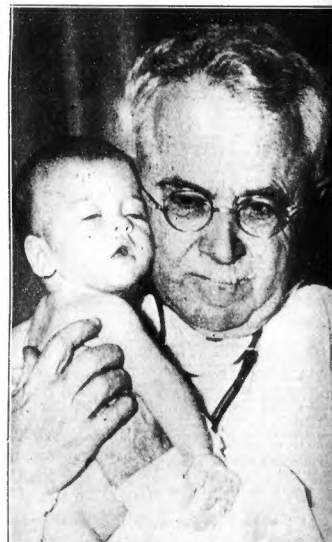


"WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"—There's really no accounting for all the queer things going on within the ever widening range of "Quint" Marie Dionne's consciousness, but she's learning to be merely curious, not alarmed, when grownups start in cutting their capers. Safe in the secure haven of the arms of Dr. Allan R. Dafeo, Marie is waiting, wide-eyed, to see what sort of a jack-in-the-box the cameraman is playing with.

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UPSY-DAISY!—At the age of eight months, Yvonne Dionne of the Dionne quintuplets hasn't yet a very extensive vocabulary. But she's having no least bit of trouble in expressing her glee as Nurse Leroux plays "upsy-daisy" with her. And for the cameraman's benefit, Yvonne is all dressed up in her Sunday best. Is she getting a big kick out of this? Take another look and decide for yourself.



HI, VAMP!—"Quint" Yvonne Dionne is using regular Hollywood technique as she tries a little vamp stuff on Dr. Allan R. Dafeo. Furthermore, if you want to know, Mlle. Yvonne is distinctly not pleased by public interest in her tete-a-tete. When a lady is eight months old and going on nine, she oughtn't to be pestered with chaperons.

Missing From Frozen Wreck Hunted

PROBE Opened BY U. S.

FEAR DEATH OF VANISHED

New York, Jan. 26.—Twelve of the passengers and crew still were listed as "missing" today in the wake of the collision of the Ward liner Mohawk and the Norwegian freighter Talisman off Sea Girt, N. J.

Wary searchers, cruising the waters where the two-million-dollar liner sank, believed these 12, too, would eventually be added to the toll of the dead.

Nearly thirty frozen bodies, snatched from the icy waters off the New Jersey coast, were brought here by the Coast Guard cutter Itasca.

Of the dead, six were New Englanders, five passengers and one seaman.

'Haywire' Charge

Meantime, investigation of the disaster was launched here today by a board of inquiry of the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service.

The first witness was Captain Edmund Wang of the Norwegian freighter Talisman which crashed into the liner Mohawk.

The Federal steamboat inspectors' investigation of the S. S. Mohawk disaster was joined by department of justice agents.

Entry of the department of justice men was taken as a forecast of criminal prosecution if blame is proved.

The United States district attorney here, Martin Conboy, has already assigned assistants to attend hearings of the federal ship inspectors underway today.

Charges ran all the way from those that the automatic steering apparatus had gone "haywire" to questions about the discipline of the crew.

Foremost of the subjects under inquiry was the condition of the Mohawk's life-saving apparatus.

Chauncey I. Clarke, counsel for the Ward line, operators of the Mohawk, declined to discuss the "haywire" charges, and stated, after a three-hour quiz of the crew survivors:

"The real cause of the collision is yet to be determined."

New England Dead

New England dead included Mr. and Mrs. Julian Livingston Peabody, both of whose bodies have been recovered.

Other New England dead included two students and a professor from Williams College, Mass., and a professor from the University of New Hampshire, Mr. C. H. Crawford, 31, of Ashburnham, Mass., and Professor Herman F. Chittenden, 40, of Portsmouth, N. H.

Christopher Fitzgerald of Waterbury, Ct., a seaman, is also among the dead.

Ten others from New England, including Frederick L. W. Richardson, Boston architect believed lost at first, were among the recovered.

Earl A. Barr, 39, an importer, of Westmont, N. J., who was on the Mohawk, and heart failure on the rescue liner Algonquin after he had been picked from the lifeboat at sea.

Simultaneously, with the probe, President Roosevelt in Washington declared steps would be taken at once to stiffen marine safety laws, and Senator Wagner of New York expressed the opinion the latest marine disaster should prompt a senatorial investigation of the series of similar tragedies occurring recently.

Body of Prof. Cleland Comes Home Tonight

By Associated Press.

Williamstown, Jan. 26.—The body of Herman B. Cleland, 31, Williams College professor, who died with other students in the collision of the liner Mohawk, sank, will arrive tonight from New York.

The student body will attend memorial services in Thompson chapel tomorrow afternoon at 3:30.

MAIL ROBBERY.

Insurance Paid

The \$129,000 Fall River mail shipmen stolen by armed bandits Wednesday was repaid the Federal Reserve Bank, in Boston, today by insurance companies.

Hunt for the bandit gang centered in Pawtucket and Providence today after Chief Postal Inspector John J. Breslin had received what he described as reliable information. He declined to elaborate.

Willed \$7500

Mrs. Ethel Novas Mitchell, 52, a widow living at 178 Bunker street, Boston, died today.

She will receive \$7500 by the terms of the will of her late uncle, Frank H. Wyman of New York City, who died January 4.



Miss Molly Marlin, one of the passengers rescued from the sinking Ward liner, Mohawk, is thanking a member of the ill-fated vessel's crew. He was instrumental in getting her safely into a lifeboat. The S. S. Algonquin picked them up and landed them at New York, together with scores of other survivors. (Picture from International News Photograph Service.)



All the tragedy of the liner Mohawk disaster is written on this woman's face in lines of pain and fear and weariness. She is Miss Alice Telford of London, one of the surviving Mohawk passengers. She spent hours in a lifeboat, half dead, wet, and near death from freezing. (Picture from International News Photograph Service.)

CURLEY Roosevelt OUT TO END FISH POLLUTION To Handle Huge Fund

Governor Curley was cheered today as he told the seventh annual New England fish and game conference that he hoped to end pollution of Massachusetts streams and repopulate them with fish.

Referring to his recommendation in his inaugural address for appropriation of an additional \$100,000 for fish and game purposes, the governor said that he hoped government agencies and allocating funds as he believes necessary.

He recommended that appropriations of \$100,000 be made by each New England state over a period of years to develop and advertise the region as a recreational center.

The governor said that he hoped Massachusetts would be able to purchase large number of insectivorous birds each year and distribute them throughout the state to combat the 17,000 moths and other pests.

Both the governor and his young son Francis were presented membership in the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association. The governor introduced Francis, the only fisherman in the family.

Lash Two Convicts

Williamstown, Del., Jan. 26 (AP).—Two prisoners were whipped at the New Castle county workhouse today as part of the sentences imposed upon them by the Court of General Sessions for their crimes.



MRS. MARIE VALDES FRANCES VALDES NURSE PENNETT

Recovering from frostbite and exposure after the nightmare of the Mohawk wreck, Mrs. Marie Valdes and her 13-months-old baby, Frances, lie in the haven of the Broad Street Hospital, New York. They suffered agonies of cold and terror while tossing about in lifeboats after the steamer went down. Miss Pennett is the nurse attending them.

Mohawk Refused Help, Crash Skipper Testifies

By Associated Press.

New York, Jan. 26.—Like an automobile without a driver, the luxurious liner Mohawk careened crazily across the path of the freighter Talisman, caused the collision which sent the Mohawk to the bottom of the Atlantic, it was testified today.

The testimony was given at a hearing by the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service into the disaster off the coast near Sea Girt, N. J., by the captain of the Talisman, Edmund Wang. He said he thought the Mohawk's skipper just before the impact, the witness testified that the liner's captain was caused by a broken steering apparatus. Captain Wang said:

"I said to myself, 'No seafaring man would have swung his ship over like that.'"

The night was clear, the sea smooth, he said.

To questions as to why no survivors were taken aboard the Talisman and why the freighter did not answer the Mohawk's whistle just before the impact, the witness testified that the liner's captain was caused by a broken steering apparatus. Captain Wang said:

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TRIUMPH OVER SEA IN 3 WRECKS

New York, Jan. 26.—Thomas Charles, 22-year-old quartermaster, and William Tannenbaum, ship's purser, were recovering today from the third and second shipwreck, respectively, which they had suffered within four months.

Both were aboard the Marco Casia when she took fire, while Charles, also was on the Ilavana when she became beached on a Bermuda reef.

Both are in good physical condition after the latest and newest disaster of the Ward Line's Mohawk.

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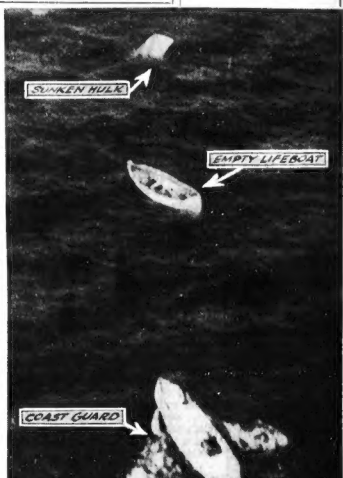
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BETTY ALDEN

on 'Beacon Hill'

Mary Parkinson Weds Today In Dover Ceremony

By BETTY ALDEN

"SO WE'LL HITCH old Dobbin to the sleigh, and midst snow all over, we'll ride out to Dover, for Mary Parkinson's wedding day!"

Many socially prominent people almost had to take our paraphrasing of the old song literally today to reach the lovely winter setting of the little country chapel in Dover in which Mary Emerson Parkinson was married to John

Grew. . . . The late afternoon ceremony in the First Parish church was performed by the Rev. Francis G. Peabody, of Cambridge, and Mr. Parkinson gave his daughter away. . . . The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Parkinson of Charles River, was attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Parkinson, Jr. (Elizabeth Bliss), of New York, as matron of honor and only attendant. . . . A sheath-like gown of silver metal cloth with a veil of old family lace and a bouquet of lilies of the valley, fashioned the bride's costume. . . .

Reception at Home

THE BRIDEGROOM, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wigglesworth Grew of Marlborough street, was attended by his brother, Edward Grew, Jr., as best man and the ushers were . . .

MR. JOHN GREW three brothers of the bride and two friends. . . . John Parkinson, Jr., Nathaniel Parkinson, Robert Parkinson, Augustus H. Parker, Jr. and Horace W. Fuller, 23 of Milton, were in this group which seated the guests in the candle-light church. . . .

Following the ceremony, the guests drove to the Parkinsons' home to felicitate the newlyweds and enjoy the intimacy of the small reception. . . .

The bride, who made her debut in the season of 1928-29, is a member of the Vincent Club and an amateur golfer of considerable note. . . . Mr. Grew graduated in 1931 from Harvard and belongs to the Hasty Pudding and Delphic Clubs. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Harper Sibley of Rochester, New York, arrived today in Cambridge to visit their son-in-law and daughter. . . . Mr. and Mrs. C. Lester Gleason, for several days. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Sibley will speak at the annual parish assembly meeting of Trinity Church on Wednesday, January 30, at 8 o'clock, on "The Ancient Family and the Modern Faith". . . .

Junior League Garden Club to Meet

ONCE A YEAR The Junior League Garden Club holds a meeting at the league which is open to all league members and their guests. . . . A speaker is chosen to address the group on a subject of general interest to the league members as a whole as well as to the Garden Club members. . . .

Next Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Mr. Henry Atherton Frost, who has been the director of the Cambridge School of Architecture and Landscape Architecture since its founding in 1915, will speak at this year's open meeting on "Landscape Architecture as a Profession for Women". . . . Mr. Frost is also a professor in the Harvard Architectural School. . . . He will show a model of an imaginary town called "Midwest Village" which includes every aspect of an ideal residential community as depicted by the students of the Cambridge School of Architecture and Landscape Architecture, the first and only professional school for women in this country which offers training in both architecture and landscape. . . .

Mrs. John E. Yerna has assumed her role, as in past years, as chairman of this Club Day. . . . The arts and interests committee of the league, of which she is chairman, will furnish her assistants for this occasion in the persons of Mrs. Willis B. Snow, Jr., Miss Isabel Deane, Porter and Mrs. Ann Miller. . . . Tea will be served after the meeting. . . .

Provisional Members Studying

THE TRAINING COURSE for provisional members of the Junior League still continues to absorb the attention of these fledglings. . . . That they are applying themselves assiduously to the study of the principles outlined in the instructive lectures planned for them twice a week, is evidenced in the large number of books they have borrowed from the league library to catch up on the reading required in their course. . . .

Anne Blake, Sue Crocker, Eleanor Claffin, Priscilla Dennett, Doris Foote, Betty Brooks, Louise Harding, Katrina Miller and Mrs. J. Brooks Fenn, Jr., are among the "provisionals" who are diligently studying their homework. . . .

If they wish to widen the scope of their reading the library will furnish them with the best of the modern fiction and non fiction. . . . Charlotte Field, Mrs. Kendall Preston, Louise Coburn and Alexandrine MacKenna are catching up with their modern literature by subscribing to the League's new books. . . .

On Friday morning there will be a round table discussion at the League when the "provisionals" may present any questions which have troubled them during their training course. . . . These discussions will be led by Mrs. E. H. Warren, Mrs. George F. Bemis, FENNO, JR., president of the League, and Todd Baldwin, assisted by Mrs. Eva Whitling White, president of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union; Katherine Hardwick, director of Simmons School and Social Work; Mrs. Charles Wolfe, executive secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and Miss Kate McMahon, educational secretary of the American Association of Hospital Social Workers. . . .

Mrs. Cecile de Bank's fourth lecture on Speech Training will be held on Tuesday at the League at 3 o'clock. . . . This course is deservedly popular and still continues to attract new subscribers. . . .

FAITHFUL Worker for CHARITIES



MEMBERS OF THAT smart young married set which dwells on Beacon Hill, Mrs. Richard Thompson and her young doctor husband are included on all the exclusive society invitation lists. Mrs. Thompson frequently serves cheerfully and willingly on committees for prominent charitable functions. Before her marriage a little over a year ago she was Miss Barbara A. Proctor.

Ace of Clubs

Supper Dance Planned

MRS. FRANCIS T. JANTZEN, president of the Ace of Clubs, is being aided by Miss Florence Hurley, general chairman, for their dance in aid of its various charities.

They announce the following committee for that gala event which will be held at the Hotel Somerset on Monday evening, March 1. . . . Mrs. William B. Burke of Hingham heads the patroness committee. . . . Assisting her are Mrs. John M. Cunningham, Mrs. Willis B. Snow, Jr., Mrs. Mary Jane Shaw, Miss Isabel Macdonald, Miss Mary Ryan and Mrs. Eleanor M. Shaw. . . . Mrs. Vincent L. Greene is chairman of the group. . . . Helping her in the selection of subjects are Mrs. William J. Blake, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Kathleen Carney, Miss Catherine Cronin, Miss Eleanor Fitzgerald, Miss Rose Fitzgerald, Miss Mary Fitzgerald, Miss Dorothy Meloy, Miss Mary Shriver, Miss Bernardine Truitt and Miss Dorothy Woodbury. . . .

Clubwomen's Calendar

TODAY
The Women's Republican Club, 2:30 p. m., at headquarters.
An illustrated lecture by Mrs. Sarah Ellen Palmer.
Preparatory Club, 5 p. m., at Hotel Vendome. A bridge and fashion show.
Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Osteopathic Hospital, 5 p. m., Bridge at the Copley Plaza.

SUNDAY
Boston Business and Professional Women's Club, 3 o'clock at the Boston University Women's Club, 144 Commonwealth avenue, a reception and luncheon.
Women's Republican Club, 2:30 p. m., at headquarters, a lecture by Mr. Edwin Smith on "Investment Under the New Deal."

MONDAY
The Boston Y. W. C. A. at 144 Clarendon street, a meeting.
Juniors of the Women's Republican Club, 12:30 p. m., at headquarters, 46 Beacon street, a luncheon.
Women's Republican Club, 2:30 p. m., at headquarters, a lecture by Mr. Edwin Smith on "Investment Under the New Deal."

TUESDAY
Women's Republican Club, 2:30 p. m., at headquarters, a lecture by Mrs. Ida Porter Beyer.
Savings Bank Women's Association, 4 p. m., at the Hotel Vendome, a reception and dinner.
Women's Republican Club, 6:30 p. m., at headquarters, a dinner in honor of Mr. James Bancroft.

WEDNESDAY
Women's Republican Club, 11 a. m., at headquarters, a lecture by Mrs. Ida Porter Beyer.
Harvard Women's Club, 5 p. m., at the Hotel Vendome.
Professional Women's Club, 1 p. m., at the Hotel Touraine, a luncheon.

THURSDAY
Emmanuel College Junior Promenade, 8 p. m., at the Copley Plaza.
Daughters of Vermont, 10:30 a. m., at the Hotel Vendome.
Professional Women's Club, 1 p. m., at the Hotel Touraine, a luncheon.

FRIDAY
Emmanuel College Junior Promenade, 8 p. m., at the Copley Plaza.
Daughters of Vermont, 10:30 a. m., at the Hotel Vendome.
Professional Women's Club, 1 p. m., at the Hotel Touraine, a luncheon.

CREAM PROTECTS BEAUTY

Preserves Fine Texture of Skin on Wintry Days

By JULIE SHELLEY

GRACE BRADLEY adores winter sports! At the first signs of snow on the lofty mountain slopes of California, which are only a few hours distant from Hollywood, Grace packs her snowshoes and her swanky sport outfits and off she goes!

She can tramp miles in the snow and come back looking the picture of health and without having ruined any of the beauty which she protects constantly.

For what would her director say if she returned to the lot with a roughened skin and peeling lips? She would rather not hear his horrified outburst, so she takes precautions to keep her skin as smooth, clear and fresh as when she left Hollywood for her brief holiday. . . .

And these precautions are simple ones. I've told you about them before, but perhaps if I repeat often enough, you will take heed and do a little beauty preserving yourself.

Winter sports are splendid for health, but in times when you get the opportunity, Dress warmly in your woollies and don't forget your exposed skin needs extra protection from the cold. Slather it generously with a rich cream—not a finishing cream or lotion, but a rich, thick cream that has the necessary ingredients to prevent the wind and sun from ruining your natural skin texture and making it red and rough. If you wish, you can make-up over it—a little powder and rouge, if you are too lazy. But remember that cream will bring color to your cheeks, so use only a little artificial color.

Under your lipstick, use the cream as a base for your lips—many girls cover their eyelids and hands before facing the brisk winter weather. This cream is highly concentrated and contains a substance that is the basis of all skin creams. It costs only a few cents, and if you use the cream as a protective covering for your skin during cold weather, you will not wear your boots that Grace Bradley wears so much and so easily.

If you wish to learn the name of this concentrated cream, call Liberty 0000 and ask for Miss Shabby. Or write to her at the Evening American, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Beauty Answers

Question: Is there any proper method of hair brushing? I have heard that the best way is to brush the hair from the crown to the outer hair lines, all around the head. My hair is beginning to get thin at the temples, so I am usually anxious to know the proper method of caring for my hair.

MRS. HELEN F. Belmont.
Answer: You are quite right. The proper method of hair brushing is from the crown to the outer hair lines, all around the head. And you must have mercy on tresslocks at the temples. Don't give them a heavy slap with the hair brush, or yank them rudely away from the face. That is a man's trick, and it is reason why so many men are bald in front. An inflexible hair comb to its own inclinations, will pull directly away from the crown of the head, toward the neck. Hair does not grow out straight from the scalp, but it is set obliquely.

Question: I have recently published an article about some sort of grains to be used instead of water or cold cream on the face. My skin is very oily and I have a few blackheads. Do you think these grains would be good for my skin? And how should I place the article and would like to know if you can send me the article. I understand that they can be made at home.

Della A. D. Dorchester.
Answer: The home-made beauty grains are excellent for oily skin. They are made by mixing a little water and also take the place of cold cream. You need only a teaspoonful of these grains. . . .

Question: I am going to have a buffet supper after the ceremony. Is this correct?

Answer: Yes, this is correct, and the



POSED BY GRACE BRADLEY

MRS. BEECKMAN

Bride-to-Be Party

By MRS. BEECKMAN

I am to be married soon. I work in an office with about 15 other girls, all of whom I like very much. I am friendly with them all, but only intimate with a few. Would it be correct to just invite a few of them, or should I invite them all? I would like them all to come, but I feel that I might be imposing on them by asking.

Answer: I am going to have a buffet supper after the ceremony. Is this correct?

Answer: Yes, this is correct, and the

offense done, and the most convenient to plan for any number that is more than a few. . . . It is really isn't necessary to have a bride's table but it is such a picturesque and memory-making part of the Great Event that I hope you can plan to have it. . . . It isn't very much more planning. . . . Table set aside from the guests, decorated in white, or white and pink, if you prefer, and if you wish the wedding cake as the central decoration. . . .

On the right of the bride is the best man, and on the left of the groom is the bride's chief attendant. . . . The bridesmaids and ushers then are seated alternately, as women and men are seated at any dinner. . . .

If there are a very few attendants, you did not tell me your plans about this, then you may ask your brothers and sisters and the brothers and sisters of the groom, and close friends of both yours and of the groom.

The Logic in the Boston Chest Discussed by

Rev. Arthur Lee Kinsolving

Every single citizen is being asked to give to Emergency Relief unless he is already on it. Therefore, we each must ask: "Does it make sense? Are all these 97 agencies vital? Can't they do with less than \$1,000,000? How much can I give?"

Any appeal would be futile today unless it had unanswerable logic. And here is the logic of this campaign.

All agencies petitioning are tested and tried. No one doubts that they do good.

They are not less, but more busy since the government went to work on relief.

They do nothing which the government would do for people.

In the day of the private agency is not over. We could not get on without them.

No one knows when he or she may need the services of one of the 97.

They are not primarily asking favors. Day and night they are doing a colossal favor.

Those who run them do the work and bear the strain. We are asked for the lesser part, for some little self-denial to support them.

They serve the people of Massachusetts in general. Therefore, they need the generous support of the suburbs and of generous people throughout the state.

Each one alone could not afford to provide this service for the 160,000 persons who had recourse to Boston agencies last year; and the 250,000 days' care that was given last year to children.

Why do we need them? Because each new day brings accident, disease, death to visit

ACCURACY OF FIT A Slim House Dress

By MARIAN MARTIN

PATTERN 9165

Here's a house frock that's not only slenderizing and trim because of its coat-like lines—but essentially practical at the same time.

For it's the sort of smart affair that you can slip into quickly—just three buttons to fasten—and be sure of looking your housewife's best! As every figure-conscious woman knows, long pants sweeping from hem to shoulder, back and front, create an illusion of slenderness—and those pert revers add a nice clean-cut look to the whole.

Of course, one of the best points about this model is that it may be spread out and ironed flat. Choose printed percale, broadcloth or gingham for it! Pattern 9165 may be ordered only in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Send fifteen cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for each Marjorie Pattern. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, city, number and box of each pattern.

Send for your copy now! Price of book fifteen cents, but it costs only ten cents when ordered with a pattern. Look and look to get it, twenty-five cents.

Write to Boston American Pattern Department, 232 West 34th street, New York, N. Y.



9165

FLOYD GIBBONS' PAGE OF THRILLS AND MYSTERY

"Grilled on Live Wires"

Telephone Lineman Escapes Death
Five Times in a Row

By Floyd Gibbons

HELLO EVERYBODY!

I just want to tell you, boys and girls, that when we initiate Arthur N. Davis, of 53 White street, Red Bank, New Jersey, into the Adventurers' Club today, we are getting a member who knows what adventure is.



ARTHUR N. DAVIS

Yes, sir, the time Art Davis met the Old Grim Reaper face to face, he thought the old boy with the scythe was a set of those Canadian quintuplets. Why, electrocution, hanging, falling 40 feet and being roasted alive are just a few of the things that Art faced one hot September afternoon some years ago.

But Art was one of the hardy pioneers in the telephone game and he has lived through 35 years of adventure. All right, let's climb that 40 foot pole at the corner of Sixth street and Madison avenue, in Lakewood, New Jersey, with Art Davis.

That was a scorching of an afternoon. Art was a lineman and there was trouble afoot.

He wore those iron climbers with spurs on them and he went socking his way up that pole toward the maze of wires rigged to the cross arm at the top. Just below those telephone wires were high tension cables.

"Hot" wires, the linemen call them and by golly Art soon found out how hot they were.

He was wringing wet with perspiration and when his foot slipped and the gaff of his climbers touched one of the hot wires it was just like—well, Art, tells me that it was like sparring a round with the old electric chair up at Sing Sing.

Well, sir, that would have been about the end of the story for the average man, but Old Man Fate had some other tortures in store for Art.

There he was, straining every muscle to break away from that hot wire, but the current was so strong he could not wrench himself free. He was fully conscious and he knew that he was being roasted alive just like a hot dog on a picnic broiler. He could smell his own burning flesh.

Sickening yellow, green and black smoke spurted from his steaming, scorching clothes. Crows gathered in the street and stood aghast in the belief that the man on that lofty perch was being burned to death before their eyes.

LOOK OUT! LIVE WIRE!

The current pulsed and jerked through his body. Art says, "I could hear the motors humming just as though I were in the power house." It was more than any human being could stand and in a few moments Art's body sagged and he lost consciousness.

Right there the story might have ended again. When Art's limp body slumped away from that high tension wire, it would normally have plunged 40 feet to the street below.

But again Fate postponed the end and Art's unconscious form fell cradled across near telephone wires, near the iron pole. Oh, boy, it was a break for Art that he weighed only 135 pounds at the time. The wires held while the crowd below gaped.

Consciousness came back to the lineman's seared body at last. His eyes opened and he saw telephone wires close above him. He knew he was suspended in the air. But a new terror gripped him.

Now he was choking to death. His test set had slipped from his shoulders. It was dangling from the strap which was drawn taut across his throat and its weight was gradually strangling him—hanging him right there on that telephone pole.

Well, when Art's mind had cleared and he realized his peril, he first eased that weight on his throat.

He edged closer to the pole and managed to throw one arm over the cross tree above him and pull himself up until he could get a footing.

For the moment he was safe from falling but in the street below there was a gruesome sight. A clanging wagon had just arrived with special equipment for removing dead bodies from telephone wires.

Two men were waiting with a long ladder. They brand it against the pole and both climbed up right into that maze of wires.

Art, then, by golly, Art Davis, the man who had been electrocuted and hanged and barely escaped from a 40-foot fall, turned around and saved the lives of these two rescuers by warning them away from the same hot wire that had cost him.

Well, you'd think after all that Art would have fanned himself down to terra firma and called up the telephone company and resigned. But Art didn't. He just went on and finished the job he had climbed up to do. And then he came down the pole with his own climbers, the way he had gone up and then—well to use Art's own words "I went out like a light."

Even after that Art wasn't exactly sure what had happened to him until he got home and tore his scorching shirt away from a deep burn across his shoulders and his trousers from other burns on his legs. Well, Art had plenty of time in the next three months while those burns were healing to think over that afternoon. Boy, oh boy, what nerve!

Now that we've got Art Davis down off that pole, I want all you boys and girls to go home and start writing me the dope on that big thrill of yours.

And say, the next member with a 10 dollar winning adventure is Mrs. Isabel Lewis of New York city. It's right on tap for our next adventure story.

\$10.00 EVERY DAY and \$100.00 EVERY MONTH is what Floyd Gibbons will pay American readers to prove that more thrilling and interesting TRUE adventures happen in YOUR life and in the lives of your friends than anything fiction writers can invent. And Floyd will prove it every day on this page. The famous war correspondent's own life is filled with adventure. He was wounded in "No Man's Land," tormented in mid-Atlantic and rode with Death in the Sahara, but he wants to write YOUR story now. Send it in to him today. There are no conditions. Everyone is eligible.

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SECRET AGENT X-9



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

[Follow Tim Tyler in the Big Comic Section of the Sunday Advertiser]

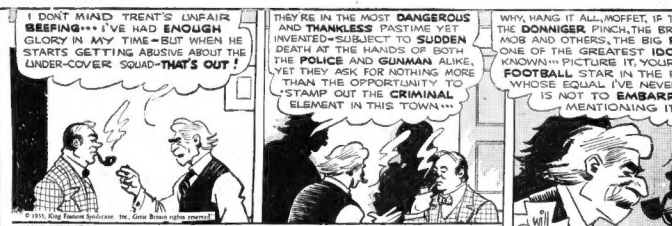
Story Behind the Man



Time to Unmask



RED BARRY



INSPECTOR SCOTT SPEAKS TO A FRIENDLY NEWSPAPER MAN

Inspector's Admission



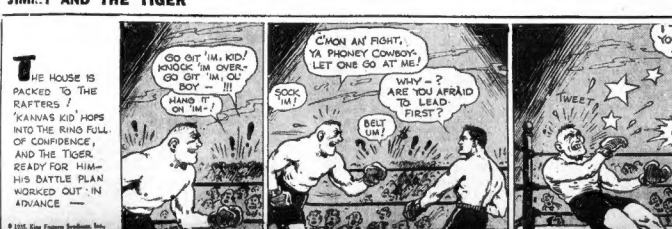
MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN



JUST KIDS



JIMMY AND THE TIGER



Their Cards on the Table



Irrapable Loss



As He Said He Would



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Daily Crossword Puzzle

By Eugene Sheffer



A Library in Miniature

Questions.
1. How was common salt regarded in ancient times?
2. What religious significance has it enjoyed?
3. What does the North African or Arab man when he says "there is salt between us"?
4. How is the figure of Jesus portrayed in the story "The Last Supper"?
5. How did the expression "to earn one's salt" originate?
Answers.
1. As a great delicacy. Homer called it divine and chronicled its use in the repast of his heroes. The manufacture and gathering of salt was once the work of kings and government frequently controlled the supply. Over some salt springs in Persia two countries waged for 60 years, believing they were places closer to heaven and that prayers of mortals from them were therefore more easily heard.
2. Salt was habitually associated with offerings to the gods by the Greeks and Romans, and in Biblical times the Jews offered salt to Jehovah with the first fruits of the harvest and fruits of the earth. In early America, the Hopi Indians gathered salt in the Grand Canyon with great ceremony and made sacrifices to the Goddess of Salt.
3. It is an expression of friendship.
4. In the celebrated engraving by Raphael Morghen, an overturned salt-cellar at Jesus' hands is taken to indicate the reasonable member of the company. Whether the original in Milan actually carries such a salt-cellar is in doubt, for studies of its insistent outlines show only a round object which might be a salt-cellar. Such a symbolism would be in accordance with the contemplative mind of the artist, however, for he paid much attention to such details.
5. Greeks and Romans once received all or part of their pay for services in salt. This competition was termed "salarium" from whence comes our word "salary" and the popular phrase "earn one's salt."

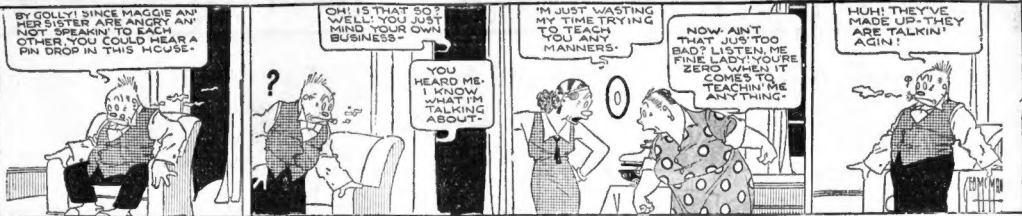
Isn't It So?

Life is a battle, not a parade.
Kind words never die.
Comforting words should be accompanied by comforting deeds.
A committee is often a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.
We are too suspicious of one another. We suspect things of other people we have no right to suspect.

BRINGING UP FATHER

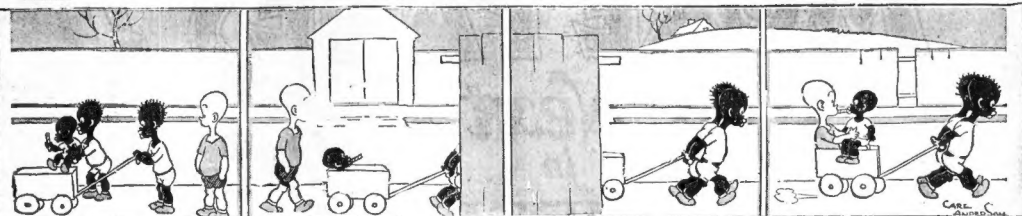
(Follow Jiggs and Maggie in the Big Comic Section of the Sunday Advertiser)

Patched Up Peace



HENRY

Sharing Each Other's Joys



JOE PALOOKA

Just in Time



POLLY AND HER PALS

(Follow Polly and Her Pals in the Big Comic Section of the Sunday Advertiser)

A Modern Venus



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

Special Delivery



LITTLE JIMMY

Poncho Has a Relapse



BLONDIE

(Follow Blondie in the Big Comic Section of the Sunday Advertiser)

S.O.S.



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**MORE —
"SECRETS
of the
FRENCH
POLICE!"**

Listen World ELSIE ROBINSON

Alexander Woolcott, chatterbox extraordinary and expert in queer quirks, has made a strange prophecy about Bruno Hauptmann.

It is generally supposed that Hauptmann knew nothing of Colonel Lindbergh and, if he committed the kidnapping, did so solely for greed.

But studying those oozing eyes, that arrogant jaw, Mr. Woolcott conceives a different notion—one which makes the whole ghastly affair even more hideous.

Hauptmann, Mr. Woolcott believes, is not an ordinary criminal.

He is an "egomaniac," a man in whom normal egotism has mounted to such madness that he would run any risk, commit any horror to gratify his own conceit.

"When at last," says Woolcott, "the full story of this monstrous crime becomes a matter of record... I think it will be shown that the Hauptmann nursery was rife by one who hated the world's hero with all the insane jealousy of which an egomaniac is capable."

"Jealousy? But of what? They were strangers. And even if he had a cause, no man could be jealous enough to do such a fiendish thing."

That will be the average citizen's reply to Mr. Woolcott's prophecy, and nothing could be more indicative of our popular ignorance.

No trait in human nature causes more misery or is used as an alibi for more fiendish cruelty than jealousy, yet most of us speak of it lightly, even admiringly—and consider it proof of a strong nature or deep devotion!

Follow Mr. Woolcott's idea through and you may learn some surprising things about yourself.

How does it start in anyone? Through FEAR.

"Self preservation is the first law of nature." Every human spirit longs to express itself, put itself on record.

Every human spirit struggles, consciously or unconsciously, against the challenge of other human spirits, tries to protect itself against their competition. Out of that struggle comes fear—jealousy.

A homely, middle-aged wife envying the pretty stenographer in her husband's office—an unknown German carpenter envying a front page hero—the motive is the same.

A spirit tortured by its own inferiority, struggling against defeat, looking for someone to hurt as compensation for its inner humiliation.

You've seen the thing at work. You've felt it at work in your own nature. Generally, common sense and kindness check it before it has gone too far.

But in some natures jealousy spreads rapidly, becomes a deadly poison. Then every interest in life becomes secondary to that one agonizing obsession.

Like the proverbial sore thumb, everything hurts it. The most trivial incident, the most careless word.

Why? Why?

less word is magnified into a personal insult, a deliberate insult. Beyond control, it leaps beyond control. Like a long, cold snake, jealousy strikes—hideously. Everyone is against. Such an act is senseless, monstrous.

Why? Why?

Believes Danger Exists

The shocked observer cannot see the slow, secret reasoning which made that how inevitable. But to the spirit inflamed by jealousy, it was all quite logical and justifiable.

Out of his own dark brooding he has conjured up a menace which is, to him, as real as any wild beast.

He firmly believes that he is facing real danger—that he has been or is about to be wronged—that he has every right to defend himself by any means in his power.

A nightmare picture? Yes. But it lies behind every word of gossip, every family feud, every foolish grudge or suspicion. And it uses countless camouflage.

The most solemn sermon or honeyed flattery often conceals the cold snake of jealousy. Are you quite sure it isn't getting ready to strike in your own life?

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DOCTORS

FAIL TO COME

AND CHILD DIES

Some physicians, according to Lynn police, are refusing to make night calls because of the condition of the city's snow-banked streets. And as a child's death was ascribed to storm conditions today.

For five hours, James Kaupmann of Chatham street, called physicians to attend his five-month-old son, James, Jr., suffering from convulsions, the police said. The way to the Kaupmann home is not blocked.

Finally he appealed to the Lynn Police Department, which in turn called the police department. The department's inability to get a doctor worked as a joke over the infant. But it was too late.

Barbara Robinson lives at 1000 North Main street, and is a member of the Lynn Police Department.

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1935

PROTEST ON LEAGUE SWEEPS OVER STATE

Wave of Pleas

LEGISLATORS SOLID AGAINST U. S. ENTRY

Uncompromising opposition to American participation in the World Court was the attitude of Massachusetts today.

With the issue going before the United States Senate next Tuesday, scores of petitions were being circulated here against approval of the administration measure.

A deluge of protests—telegrams, letters and telephone calls—today was pouring in on Senators Walsh and Coolidge.

Governor Curley and both branches of the legislature are opposed to American adherence.

A resolution protesting adherence has been drafted by Representative Thomas Dorgan of Dunstable. Although a hearing cannot be held by the House rules committee before Wednesday, it is assured of passage in both houses.

Edward J. Kelley, House floor leader, today sent the following telegram to Senators Walsh and Coolidge:

"In advance of adoption of memorial by Massachusetts legislature condemning League Court, strongly urge you to vote against adherence."

"Caucus Democratic members House and Senate called for next Tuesday to condemn court. Petition against Court being signed now by House members in overwhelming numbers."

"Thirty of 40 State Senate members already signed and forwarding you similar petition without regard party lines. Curleys showed but two senators friendly to court. Governor Curley also active against it."

The memorial is assured of passage in both branches by overwhelming majorities.

Governor Curley said that he is eager to sign when it reaches his desk.

A petition urging the two Massachusetts senators to vote against the proposal also is in circulation in the State House. Thirty of the 40 Senate members have signed.

A joint caucus of Senate and House Democrats has been called for Tuesday to discuss the protest resolution. But two legislators have expressed approval of American participation. They are Senators John D. Mackay, Quincy, Republican, and Charles MacFarlane, Haverhill, Democrat.

Providence, Jan. 25.—Sentiment against American participation in the World Court—back door of the League of Nations—was growing in Rhode Island today.

This, despite the fact that in January, 1934, the State Senate voted 17 to 11 in favor of United States membership in the Court, and the House in March, 1934, voted 77 to 17 in favor.

Rep. James H. Matthews was leading the fight.

He and 10 other legislators wired Senators Peter G. Gerry and Jesse H. Metcalf asking them to vote against the administration plan.

Sentiment in Maine and New Hampshire today was reported solidly against the Court. The issue has some friends in Vermont, but by a vast majority there was expected to give opponents a plurality.



RAYMOND GRAVES

CLARA SULLIVAN Here is Raymond "Billy" Graves, former "mystery" boy, enjoying the many instructive games provided for him at the Boston Speech School for Crippled Children, 408 Beacon street. Miss Clara Sullivan is encouraging the young pupil to talk as he plays.



Before Raymond "Billy" Graves, above, began taking speech training at a Boston school, he couldn't talk well enough to say his prayers. Now, he shows daily improvement. "Billy" was found abandoned, last September, in Holy Cross cathedral. He was a "mystery" boy for days, (Pictures by Boston Evening American Staff Photographer.)

Railman Hurt Injuries to his back were sustained today by Harry McDonald, 54, of 21 Nelson street, Plymouth, when he slipped and fell from the top of a locomotive water tank at the South Station. He was taken to the Carney Hospital.

out a fireman employed by the New Haven Railroad on Jan. 25. The fireman, who was injured when he slipped and fell from the top of a locomotive water tank at the South Station. He was taken to the Carney Hospital.

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Second Section LOCAL NEWS

CHURCH Waif Enters SCHOOL

"MYSTERY" BOY RETURNS

Five-year-old Raymond Graves, the mystery boy abandoned in Holy Cross Cathedral last September and identified by Boston Evening American photographs, is back in Boston today.

Through the assistance of the Boston department of public welfare here, the blond lad has been returned to the Boston Speech School for Crippled Children at 408 Beacon street.

His father, Frank E. Graves of Albany, N. Y., who claims to be himself "King James" in more prosperous days, now is destitute and unable to care for the child.

Raymond, of "Billy," as he prefers to be called—seemed happy to be back with the other pupils and under the care of Miss Emma Tunnicliffe, the school director.

He had been there previously while police were trying to identify him, and find his parents, after his abandonment. His defect of speech prevented him from telling his name at that time.

Miss Tunnicliffe has a letter from Miss Winifred A. Kennan, director of the Massachusetts Department of Public Welfare, commending on Raymond's improvement in conduct, physical appearance and speech during the time spent under her tuition.

**JERSEY GIRL, 17,
Sought in Boston**

Believed held by a "white slave" ring, Ida M. Crosby, 17-year-old blonde of Hoboken, N. J., was being sought in the North End and East Boston by police today.

Search here was ordered by Detective William Rose, of the missing persons bureau at headquarters after he had received word from the girl's father.

The father said he received a Christmas card from his daughter. It was postmarked Boston. He told Detective Rose she had been seen with two foreigners shortly before she disappeared last August.

**FIREMAN SAVES
Strangling Child**

German Langendin, year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Langendin, of 11 Maple street, Watertown, is alive today because of a fireman's quick action.

The child swallowed a piece of hard candy and was choking to death when Mr. Langendin shouted for Kelley who lives up stairs.

Kelley removed the candy from the child's throat and administered the prone pressure method of resuscitation revived her.

Filene in Talk

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 26 (AP)—Urging that the methods of research successfully applied to business be used in consideration of economic, social and political problems, Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant, addressed the Rochester City Club on the "New Deal—1935 Model."

Not a handful is left and they just sit and look. Often the vacationer made his season's expense in a single turn of the machine.

Those days are gone—likely forever.

It Just Burned Him Up

NOBODY'LL GET A CHANCE TO BLOW UP MY CLUB.

ORIOLEACH

1-2-6

O. O. McINTYRE NEW YORK Day By Day

Palm Beach, Jan. 26—It is a part of the lazy life here daily to watch the panorama of the beaches, providing such a key-episode of vivid and shifting types. A veritable rainbow in robes and pajamas, it is amusing how few actually go into the water.

Like myself, the majority are cabana porch loafers or squatters in the sun. Usually trim Apollons, the life guards here are a little on the paunch and bald side.

But they are being paid to acquire a tan that guests in \$40 a day hotels can never hope to achieve. Indeed there are unfortunate ones with plementary lapses who remain all season and gather nothing more in the way of a tan than a baby pink glow.

Al Johns and Thudoff Friml last time I was here, were burned blackest. Johns could have gone on in a mammy gown without rehearsal.

So far this season I have not even seen a Florence Mills shadow. Newcomers are, of course, spotted for their tans. The lily white are regarded as "late" loafers. They don't belong.

So they bluster and peep, until themselves with performed oils until they gain the inner circle. Among permanent residents of Palm Beach is a Broadway ambulance who made spending his day along the street.

He is Byron Chandler, who for several years was the reigning "millionaire kid." A sobriquet bestowed by glazers along the way that he will not let go.

Apple Jelly, Yum Yum

Today he lives happily with his young and attractive wife on a skirt of lake front and in a bowered hacienda called "The Plantation."

A gentleman whose leisure has turned to raising flowers instead of yachtsmen.

We breakfasted this morning in the open and on the lot side of a fragrant and clattery red polio-sella bush.

Aside from the half of a local grapefruit that refused to cry "Pret!" it was a grand repast. Especially apple jelly, a yum yum I had not tasted since days in China.

The scars of depression still show in both business and residential districts of Palm Beach. Vast mansions, whose yards are becoming tangle of weeds, and several small one-storyed shopping blocks with scarcely a tenant.

Yet the astounding grandeur that is the Palm Beach trade mark cannot be diminished.

Ant Teaches Lesson

Thou sluggard went to the ant today. During a beach ball with the endless tedium I began coveting ants with tricks of sand.

One in particular I took to the live out. Always it wigged valiantly to the top. And the useless industry of the ant was contagious.

I went smack up into my hotel room and ex-

cepted a box of useless industry myself—almost finishing a magazine.

All my life I've been raising bold bladders opening and shutting umbrellas.

But until one has had a dug hint up in one of those monstrous beach parlors, one doesn't know pinching.

The fast men were twerks. They must have been me on the beach.

In fact I think someone jolly good, good to the Bahamas.

In the ward much talk among the toll-takers that Florida is making earnest but unobtrusive efforts to wrangle the movie industry from California.

Florida's Tax Bait

Expectation ran high when Upton Sinclair seemed a pat gubernatorial bid. Now Florida expects to use tax bait—that is no tax at all plus the no inheritance tax here.

They are going to offer free sites and even free studios. They believe Florida's greatest need is this industry.

On so a slaver goes.

The hive of fat festooned branch brokerage offices that so seethed with excitement are also part of the evasion.

Not a handful is left and they just sit and look. Often the vacationer made his season's expense in a single turn of the machine.

Those days are gone—likely forever.

AUSTEN LAKE on

Dog Racing Evacuates Braves Field

I DOUBT THAT THIS IS WORTH shouting as glad tidings, or calling on pious people to bend down their necks while lifting up their hearts.

Yet, today, the skinny, insect-dog evacuated Braves Field as a home site when the Boston Kennel Club advised the State Racing Commission that they would pool around elsewhere for a location, and thanks for a lovely evening.

This, an oiled out at the New York Jesuit meeting from which the ball owners came with their lips stretched out, secures the hallowed soil for baseball and confirms the Braves as tenants. But even more, it implies that the league has gone bond for the club's rent and that the landlord will not have to whistle for his money, as he whistled last year.

Why? Because if the Braves Field trustees consented to such the kennel people with their rich resources and 10-year guarantee, then it was because the trustee, who is an itchy soul where unpaid cash is concerned, was satisfied with the league's endorsement.

Not one-tenth of the true story has yet been told about the Braves' tangle, and Boston newspapers are still straining their type keys waiting for Judge Tuohy to gather them around his knee, as per promise, and tell all.

I sense, from the ground rumblings and internal lava splashes, that the Braves are still sitting over a volcano.

THIS, TOO, BRINGS UP a moot question in the business of sports writing, as how much a reporter who accepts the genial hospitality of the ball club, including its winter sojourn in the tropics with lavish entertainment, owes back to the club in the way of friendly publicity.

The ball clubs everywhere have catered to press men, paying their haulage, board, laundry, with more than ample meal allowance, in the supposition that the boys would kick back sympathetically in their editorials and essays.

This tends to hobble a reporter who is there primarily to report, and who may feel a queer sense of duty toward his customers, so that, sometimes, he shaves his opinions and turns up the lamp of his optimism.

I have questioned myself on this, in that region of my being which I like to call my soul, and find that the newspapers generally are giving away in free space a commodity which is much more valuable than the emoluments granted by the clubs to the writers. And that, in the end, the writer owes nothing to the sports promoters other than fair-minded unbiased expression.

CLIFF BATTLES, THE WASP-WAISTED, kula-kipped ball carrier of the Boston Redskins, has written a letter to Doc Harvard, Harvard's new football coach, offering himself as an assistant backfield tutor.

Now Battles is a serious, courteous, scholarly type of youth who will meet any social test. He is to prove football that Barry Wood was to college football some years ago, both super-athletic types who did not mistake the game for the ultimate purpose in life.

Wood, having a cash-papa, went on to become a surgeon without losing a stride. But Battles, a Phi Beta Kappa student who now craves to be a lawyer, has always to earn his education, inch by inch. Thus professional football.

Yet I doubt that Harvard, who is flunky about athletes tarred with the brush of professionalism, will add him to its staff next year.

That, and the fact that Cliff has had no coaching experience and, while he is one of the cleverest halfbacks in the country, there is no assurance that he would be equally talented in teaching his art.

It is usually the case that the most skilled athletes make the poorest teachers, because talents are not negotiable assets, and the possessor is seldom able to analyze his own experiences.

The dubs, who have had to learn painfully, a tortured step at a time, make the best instructors.

JOHN "DINNY" McNAMARA, Boston College backfield coach and valued assistant to Joe Kennedy, is being teased to take the head coachship of two other colleges, Niagara "U" at Niagara Falls and Mount St. Mary's of Emmetsburg, Md.

Niagara's dearest rival is Canisius College of Buffalo, where "Eliker" Joy, the late Frank O'Connell's son, was at B. C. and Fordham, is coaching. It occurs to me that if Harvard has no use for Battles, and McNamara departs, B. C. might experiment with the Bostonian.

Years ago, while "Car" was still drillmaster at B. C., he rose during a football dinner at the University Club and delivered a eulogy on a player, who, he said, was the finest, cleverest and cleanest boy he had ever known.

Only "Car," with his gift for persiflage, painted this unnamed lad in word-colors as vivid as a circus poster.

Finally, with a voice that snapped like a ringmaster's whip, he shouted "That boy is Dinny McNamara."

IN NEW YORK, COLLEGE BASKETBALL has suddenly become big business, being exploited in Madison Square Garden and drawing from 12,000 to 16,000 patrons at a \$2.20 top.

The result, as with all successful athletic shows, is that the betting center, those far-flung, self-appointed commissioners who make books by the light of the silvery moon, are doing a thriving trade, with an estimated \$50,000 changing hands in the recent New York University-Temple game.

This sneers the collegiate game always an innocent, obscure sport in other years, with the eternal nightmares of all athletes, both pro and amateur.

Sometimes with a large betting book at stake, the gamblers may come down out of the gallery and try to feed the young performers their bets for certain, legal favors.

I predict, with this on their plate, the collegiate censors will soon take steps to trim the basketball show back to a windy size and strip off its exploiters.

BOSTON C. MEET MARKS IN DANGER

POSSESS AMERICAN SPORTS

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1935

Cubs, Beavers Renew Ice War Tonight

DEFEATED IN LAST START

SEA GULLS AND ORIOLES SEEK GAMES HERE

By Bill Grimes
After the series played against the Cubs at the Arena Thursday night, Quebec Beavers improved their standing with the local fans.

The Beavers were "hot," especially during the first period when they beat Percy Jackson for five goals. This aspect was too much for the Cubs in their present weakened condition. They did not possess their usual offensive fervor, due to the absence of Frank Jerva and Gene Carrigan.

Cubs and Beavers meet in the second game of the series tonight at the Arena, and one of the outstanding games of the season is expected. The Thursday defeat redefined the Cubs' lead to four points, and a setback tonight would move the Beavers to within one game of the pennant.

Atlantic City Sea Gulls and Baltimore Orioles are trying to book trips to New England. They would like to exhibit in Boston, Lowell, W. and Lewiston, Me. Now that the New York Rangers have selected Hershey, Pa., which is owned by a Canadian-American League franchise, as the 1935-36 "farm" team, some promoters could put a club in Springfield.

George Funk has the old Bronx franchise tucked away in his Pemberton Square office and would willingly dispose of some for a consideration. There is a better minor league site in this country or Canada than Springfield.

Lloyd "Bill" Blinn, brother of Rose of Sharon fame, is captain of the New York Yankees. The New York fans are more in favor of the Yankees than the Red Sox, and the Yankees are more in favor of the Yankees than the Red Sox.

Quebec Beavers will play an exhibition game in St. John's, Que. Monday night. St. John's is the home of the Canadiens, and his friends are anxious to see him in action.

Risko Wins and Loses

New York, Jan. 26.—By a ruling of the referee, Risko was declared the winner of the fight between Risko and Dundee declared the winner 10 minutes after the men had fought.

General John J. Phelan, who made the second decision, explained it and put Sidney Charlin, one of the judges, on the spot.

Charlin gave Risko his vote on effective punching in the last two rounds.

Jack Britton, former welter champion, was either judge or referee. He penalized Risko for persistent holding and gave Dundee seven of the 10 rounds.

Jack Gahan, the referee, scored four rounds for Risko and three for Dundee and three even. When the judges disagreed, Gahan cast his vote for Risko who was then designated the winner.

After talking three out of the first four rounds, Risko marred his exhibition by organizing himself into a holding contest.

Dundee was unable to hit in the eighth and shaded him in the ninth, a mauling, wrestling round.

Risko took the tenth easily.

B. C. Freshmen
Play Andover

The Boston College freshmen went on their way to Andover today, where they meet the first prep school purchasers.

Coach Henry Cromack of the Eagles will start the same team that has gone so well in the last few games.

This will be Bud Davis at left wing, and at right wing, Frank Lowry at right wing, Frank O'Connell and Tony Di Natta at defense and Tom McNamara at the net.

The B. C. freshmen are trying for their fourth straight win.



(Picture from International News Photograph Service)

Take care of your legs and your legs will take care of you, seems to be the attitude of Glenn Cunningham, world record holder for the mile. Glenn will make his local appearance tonight as the feature performer in the Curley mile, outstanding event of the Prout Memorial games at the Garden. Gene Venzke is also entered in this event.

BOSTON AT MIAMI

DAN CARROLL IS JIM MALONEY NOT POPULAR BOY WORRIED OVER AT RESORT BAER BOUT

By Sam Cohen
Miami, Fla., Jan. 26.—Things are booming here and plenty of Boston folk are on the scene. . . . Jerry Gardner, former trainer of Jim Maloney, breezed in over the board. . . . He was accompanied by the Missus and Chris Fitzgerald. . . .

Walter O'Hara is a steady victor at Atlantic Park. . . . What a grand spot that is. . . . Walter is confident the Eastern Horse Club will get a license for East Boston tracks.

Tony Shucro gets the mob at his workouts for the Joe Knight fight Monday. . . . Larry Kelly of Charlestown and Billy Casey of Gloucester were at the gym to see Tony drill.

King Lewinsky cornered Dan Carroll to find out how Joe Louis boxed. . . . The King looked pale after Carroll got through talking.

They've just announced that garbage collections show a 28-ton increase over a week's collection.

Talk about civic pride here. . . . The city is doing a fine job of cleaning up.

The Beer fight doesn't worry Jim Maloney. . . . Shamus is taking the title in stride. . . . He's bought a cottage in North Miami and lives there with his wife and three children.

Seen at Hialeah. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cassidy, Emergency Kelley, W. C. Briggs of Newton, William Becher and family, Belmont resident, Chester Patton of Belmont and Mike Tesco of Boston. . . .

DeWitt Lane, retired Boston fire captain, and Charley Tyle, retired Boston police officer, are permanent residents here. . . . Mike Kerley of the once famous Heywood Inn is taking in the sunshine.

Big Dan Carroll is one of the most popular guys in town. . . . Knows everyone and everyone knows him. . . . With Kelley, we hit no less than six different hot spots first night in town.

Gerry Levey sends hello to the gang at Hialeah.

Georgia Coleman had a birthday the other day. . . . And cut a cake at the Miami-Biltmore's 19th hole. . . . The cake had no tell-tale canes.

Barney Ross says he wants to fight our Sammy Fuller in Miami.

Barney claims he can make 135 pounds. . . . A cold wave has hit the burg. . . . And it's a relief, too, after the hot spell.

Another Boston at Miami column by Sam Cohen will be printed in the Sunday-Advertiser.

FASTEST LEGS GET GOING OVER BY WORLD'S FASTEST MILER

RECORDS Tumble at GARDEN ZIEMITZ SETS DASH MARK STANDARD IN HURDLES IS EQUALLED

Showing utter disregard for old standards, record-breaking marks this afternoon at Boston Garden were set up with reckless abandon at the eighth annual interscholastic track meet sponsored by Northeastern.

Eugene Woods of Roxbury Memorial and Robin Hartman of Brookline both topped the 45-yard low hurdles in 5-4 seconds to have their names placed with Ray Henderson and Johnny Donovan as co-holders of the record.

A new record was established in the dash as the distance was run at 50 yards instead of 45 as it has been in the past. The new holder is Frank Ziemitz of Boston City who set a mark of 10-5 seconds which is considered little short of remarkable for school boys.

Students turned in his great performance in his semi-final heat. He was followed by Tom Hoffman, Tim Kingley and Douglas Raymond should turn the turns well because. Around Adams 100 time of 1:35 may crash. And Fuqua should do it.

Russell Chapman, former Bates' champion, beat Phil Edwards over the 100-yard route in 1:33 in 2:48. That is the present mark. But with Waldo Sweetman, Cornell, and John Thompson pursuing Chuck down around 2:15.

TECH OARSMEN OUT MONTH

Bill Haines will house the official row for variety and freshmen oarsmen Monday, with Captain Al Mowatt and five veterans due to swim in action.

The Engineers have been holding unofficial workouts under the guidance of Haines and his assistant, Al Downing, both from the full attendance at the machine drills to be in line on Monday.

As formal practice sessions get going, several of the veterans are expected to win the race.

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The race for the stroke will be between Milton Brooks, last year's junior varsity blade swinger and Tom Graham, former varsity champion, and last year's stroke man, Ed Mowatt.

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MILE 1000 AND 600 RECORDS LIKELY TO FALL

CUNNINGHAM, HORNBOSTEL, FUQUA STANDOUTS

GATHERING OF 12,000 EXPECTED

By Walter Kiley
Boston Garden tonight sponsors the annual Prout Memorial carnival of track, the first major set of games of the 1935 season. A gathering of 12,000 is expected.

Nationally recognized performers are entered in the four special events.

In these events, the Curley Mile Bishop Chavrus Thousand, Prout Memorial Six Hundred and Le-Lavette Two-Mile Run, Chalmers and Fuqua are expected to set new records.

So too in the other events, the dashes and hurdles and down through the schedule of one and two mile relay races where quarter mile has been grouped together with careful discrimination.

4:52
Your track public loves to think in terms of record breaking. Three marks are in danger tonight.

Glenn Cunningham, graduate student of Kansas University, Harvard world record holder for the mile (4:08 at New York) and Fuqua also (4:08 at Princeton) should lower the Boston record of 4:14 held jointly by Joe Ray and Gene Venzke.

This will mark Cunningham's first appearance in the Casey games, his first mile start in Boston, and his first serious effort of 1935 at the distance.

Chief consolation will come from Gene Venzke, Penn. filer, Venzke, former indoor mile record holder, has been met him, but hopes to win his first track tonight.

2:14.8
The Prout 600 will be a thriller for Fuqua, Milton Sandberg, Harold Hoffman, Tim Kingley and Douglas Raymond should turn the turns well because. Around Adams 100 time of 1:35 may crash. And Fuqua should do it.

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THREE Polo GAMES

TRIPLE HEADER AT ARMORY

Lineup at Armory

Harvard vs. Yale
Yale vs. Princeton
Princeton vs. Harvard

Harvard vs. Yale
Yale vs. Princeton
Princeton vs. Harvard

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EPICAL FAST MAIDEN

BEST
At Hialeah
TRACK
SEABISCUIT
RED HOTTIEMPO BEST
OF POOR LOT
IN SIXTH

By Dave Wilson

Hialeah Park, Fla., Jan. 26—If Epical is ever going to graduate from the maiden ranks it should occur in the six furlongs of the second number here on Monday afternoon.

SEABISCUIT, BARKY TALK, ZOWIE

FIRST RACE—100 yards. 1. Seabiscuit, 1:16. 2. Barky Talk, 1:17. 3. Zowie, 1:18. 4. Epical, 1:19. 5. Fast Maiden, 1:20. 6. Red Hot, 1:21. 7. Tiempo, 1:22. 8. Poor Lot, 1:23. 9. Best of the Poor, 1:24. 10. In Sixth, 1:25. 11. Epical, 1:26. 12. Fast Maiden, 1:27. 13. Red Hot, 1:28. 14. Tiempo, 1:29. 15. Poor Lot, 1:30. 16. Best of the Poor, 1:31. 17. In Sixth, 1:32. 18. Epical, 1:33. 19. Fast Maiden, 1:34. 20. Red Hot, 1:35. 21. Tiempo, 1:36. 22. Poor Lot, 1:37. 23. Best of the Poor, 1:38. 24. In Sixth, 1:39. 25. Epical, 1:40. 26. Fast Maiden, 1:41. 27. Red Hot, 1:42. 28. Tiempo, 1:43. 29. Poor Lot, 1:44. 30. Best of the Poor, 1:45. 31. In Sixth, 1:46. 32. Epical, 1:47. 33. Fast Maiden, 1:48. 34. Red Hot, 1:49. 35. Tiempo, 1:50. 36. Poor Lot, 1:51. 37. Best of the Poor, 1:52. 38. In Sixth, 1:53. 39. Epical, 1:54. 40. Fast Maiden, 1:55. 41. Red Hot, 1:56. 42. Tiempo, 1:57. 43. Poor Lot, 1:58. 44. Best of the Poor, 1:59. 45. In Sixth, 2:00. 46. Epical, 2:01. 47. Fast Maiden, 2:02. 48. 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CALVIN COOLIDGE'S IDEAS ON GOVERNMENTAL INTERFERENCE IN BUSINESS

NORTHAMPTON, May 1, 1931 — With the convocation of representatives of various lines of industry have come proposals for controlling and standardizing business.

Almost all these suggestions are for **ARTIFICIAL RULES** of conduct to save a situation from the inevitable consequences of **THE FORCE OF NATURAL LAWS**.

If business is to be controlled from the outside the liberty of action and power of initiative will be greatly circumscribed.

If standardization is adopted in its entirety the result is **RIGID FOSILIZATION WHICH PREVENTS PROGRESS**.

Neither the State nor the Federal Governments can supply the information and wisdom necessary to direct the business activity of the nation.

About all that can wisely be done in this direction is provided by trade organizations.

Additions to the system promise most if they are **VOLUNTARY** and provide a better co-ordination of activities.

One of the fundamental needs is sound banking. Our financial power continually needs diversion from wrong channels and direction to right channels.

The experience, skill and wisdom necessary to guide business **CANNOT BE ELECTED OR APPOINTED**. It has to **GROW UP NATURALLY** from the people. The process is long and fraught with human sacrifice, but it is the only one that can work. Edison and Ford are not Government creations.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1935

LARGEST EVENING CIRCULATION BY MORE THAN 80,000

Bitter Lessons of World War Warn U. S. Against League Entanglements

FOREIGN entanglement — involvement in Europe's war-breeding diplomacy, the dragging of the United States into the constant and shifting struggle to create an ascendancy or a balance of power!

This is the danger that lurks in the League Court.

It is from this danger that the American people instinctively recoil.

In the early years of the Republic they were warned by George Washington to abstain from such involvements.

Our people were wise and heeded the warning consistently and undeviatingly for more than a century—and grew great and strong and independent.

We went our way. We studied the happiness and security of our own people and employed our expanding wealth in the promotion of their well-being.

The burden of taxes was light. The incentive to individual enterprise was powerful. The reward of industry and frugality was certain.

We won the respect of the world—and soon its admiration. We were courted and envied by the nations.

And then we slipped and fell! It was a tragic fall!

WE FORGOT the warning of Washington and of every great man in our history.

Little men had crept into the seats of power—uneducated men, superficial and glib men—Senators and Representatives and even Executives, unversed in our history and without respect for its lessons.

"Internationalist" groups, pestilent, meddlesome, silly groups, sprang up like weeds.

Organized propaganda began to distract the American people and to undermine their principles.

Vicious un-American propaganda, financed by Carnegie and Rockefeller millions, spread through the country.

We were going to "make the world safe for democracy"—to substitute "reason" for "might" in the Governments of other nations.

We were going to exorcise the war spirit from all the world, and incidentally from human nature.

"Organized peace," the "self-determination of nations," and finally "a war to end war" became our daily chant and obsession.

We were **LOST!**

Our safe isolation—**TOSSED TO THE**

WINDS!

Our mighty independence—pitched overboard!

We went to Europe not to make peace but to wage war! We went to Russia **TO MAKE WAR!** Not on our own coasts only, but in the Orient as well as in Europe, the United States found itself involved in bitter warfare!

INVOLVEMENT, entanglements, alien wars—whose issues we never understood—loaded their weight upon us, bore us down and finally sank us under the wreckage of a ruined world.

And to this fate we were led by a President elected because—"he kept us out of war!" Up to **THAT MOMENT** we were debt free.

We are now buried under a weight of debt that is beyond computation!

The brilliant progress of a century of years—checked in the twinkling of an eye!

The great gains and benefits that would have been ours, had we consistently adhered to our historic policy of avoiding entanglements and refusing to be involved in Europe's ceaseless struggles—**ALL SACRIFICED!**

The cartoon on this page graphically portrays the contrast between **WHAT IS** and **WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN**.

We commend it to the infatuates and ignoramuses who are pressing for our adherence to the League Court.

IF we must make mistakes—let us make new ones.

If the Democratic Administration cannot lead us **OUT OF DANGER**, let it **NOT** lead us **INTO DANGERS** so clearly marked and so well known from past experience.

THE LEAGUE COURT IS NOTHING BUT A SNARE, A POLITICAL TRAP SET FOR US BY ENEMIES!

The Administration has been warned! The Senate has been warned!

Let them not invite the wrath of a people deceived and betrayed by those whom they trusted.

LET THE PEOPLE IMMEDIATELY TELEGRAPH THEIR SENATORS AT THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON NOT TO BETRAY THEIR COUNTRY BY VOTING IT INTO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS COURT.

Human Side of the News

By Edwin C. Hill

THE GLOBE TROTTER OF HEARSE METROPHONE NEWS

Up and down Broadway to look much talk of "The Road." The word is out that Katherine Cornell made a net profit of \$250,000 on her tour with "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Walter Hampden has again done a nice job with "Black and Semolina" at the Metropolitan.

There is evidence that the American public will take high class productions with interest.

Edwin C. Hill, in spite of the wrangling of the road theatre in recent years.

Professors I am told are on the lookout for plays with small casts, revivals of sound, old classics and, in general, something not too gaudy for the more refined tastes of the literate.

Not that they are definitely rejecting road tours at this stage, but, rather, are alert to the apparent possibility of giving the orange one more good square before it is tossed over to Hollywood.

Most of the good plays go directly to Hollywood. But why wouldn't they come later, after a run around the Kerensky circuit? This is what the producers are

Hendrik Van Loon

WRITES ABOUT

How to Get Rich

When I come to think of it, I ought to be very rich.

But when I realize that except for one old house in Holland and two very old fiddles and a couple of suits and too many neckties (I never seem to buy any and yet my cupboard is full), I am about as well to do as my good friend, the late Giovanni Bernadone of the town of Asti, I come to the conclusion that I must be one of the world's poorest business men.

(Loud cheers from all the bankers who ever tried to keep my accounts straight.)

For just think of all the chances I have had of making millions!

There was the war. I did not like that war, for I thought of it as a civil war, brought about by the accumulated greed and stupidities of all the different warring races of western Europe.

I could anticipate nothing but ultimate defeat for all parties concerned, with a corresponding gain for my neighbors.

Heaven knows, I had no love for the House of Hohenzollern and even less for the way in which its agents conducted themselves in the conflict.

I had lived too long in Russia to be able to see a straight face when beautiful ladies in London or Paris wept over the dear Czar fighting for democracy.

I was probably wrong, but I felt strongly convinced that in the

and nobody would get any reward except a bankrupt pocketbook and a couple of photographs of little wooden crosses, standing in interminable lines in the soggy fields of Flanders.

And considering that charity, like patriotism, begins at home, I thought we should have followed George Washington's advice and should have declined to enter into a quarrel which in no way affected us.

Then afterwards we would have been in a position to force an intelligent program of peace upon the world at large.

And now that I cannot for the life of me see that Hitler is the new Messiah and sometimes say so, giving full proof (according to my lights) for my convictions, now I am called a hired agent of the soldiers of Zion, but unlike Judas, who was my example, I refused to take silver.

The Elders of Zion therefore pay me in golden platitudes and Sam Untermyer sends me a barrel full every week right over to the Elders had a word for it: "Muggings!"

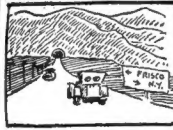
But Brother Parley needs the money. So please send me your letters registered and write on heavy paper over the dear Czar fighting for democracy. It takes quite a lot of fuel to keep the furnace going, and all fuel is welcome.

Copyright, 1935, by Hendrik Van Loon

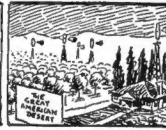
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PEACE AND WAR COSTS

What the money spent on one foreign war would do if applied to peaceful purposes.

What the money spent on one war did when applied to warlike purposes.



It would crisscross the continent with boulevards.



It would reclaim all our arid spaces.



It filled the hospitals with our best youth.



It broke many mother's hearts.



It would supply free education.



It would supply the nation with power.



It put a premium on falsehood.



It raised war profits earning to a science.



It would reforest all denuded timber lands.



It would build ship canals.



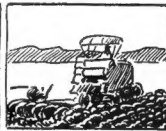
It whitened alien fields.



Our hospitals still are filled with veterans.



It would modernize all railways.



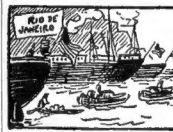
It would supply tractors to all farmers.



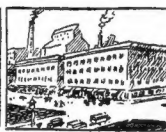
It destroyed beautiful works that cannot be replaced.



It gassed and shell shocked countless boys.



It would give us a merchant marine without which we cannot be independent.



It would eliminate the slums and afford wholesome housing for everybody.



It sowed the seeds of hate and settled nothing.



It was an orgy of wastefulness.



It would supply free hospitalization for the poor.



It would provide every seaport with a well protected harbor.



It led to gigantic destruction.



The war led to a moral and ethical slump.



It would build landing fields and mooring piers for air routes.



It would provide old age insurance which would rob the creeping years of their terrors.



Our national debt jumped from two to 24 billions.



And the war's aftermath will be a burden for generations.

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